LITTERED RIDING HOOD



SHIRLEY HOLT & LEE RICHARDSON

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY HOLT

RETOLD BY
LEE RICHARDSON

This gentle rendering of a classic tale is the second in a series of collectible children's books by ShirLee, the publishers of Sophie's Surprise. Little Red Riding Hood as retold by Lee Richardson and sensitively illustrated by Shirley Holt is sure to charm and delight children of all ages.



ShirLee Publications





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Dedicated To: Our Children

A Special Thanks To: Stacy and her Mother

Pomper

Dick

Andy

and

Del

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD French and German Folklore

1st Edition 1985

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Illustrated By SHIRLEY HOLT

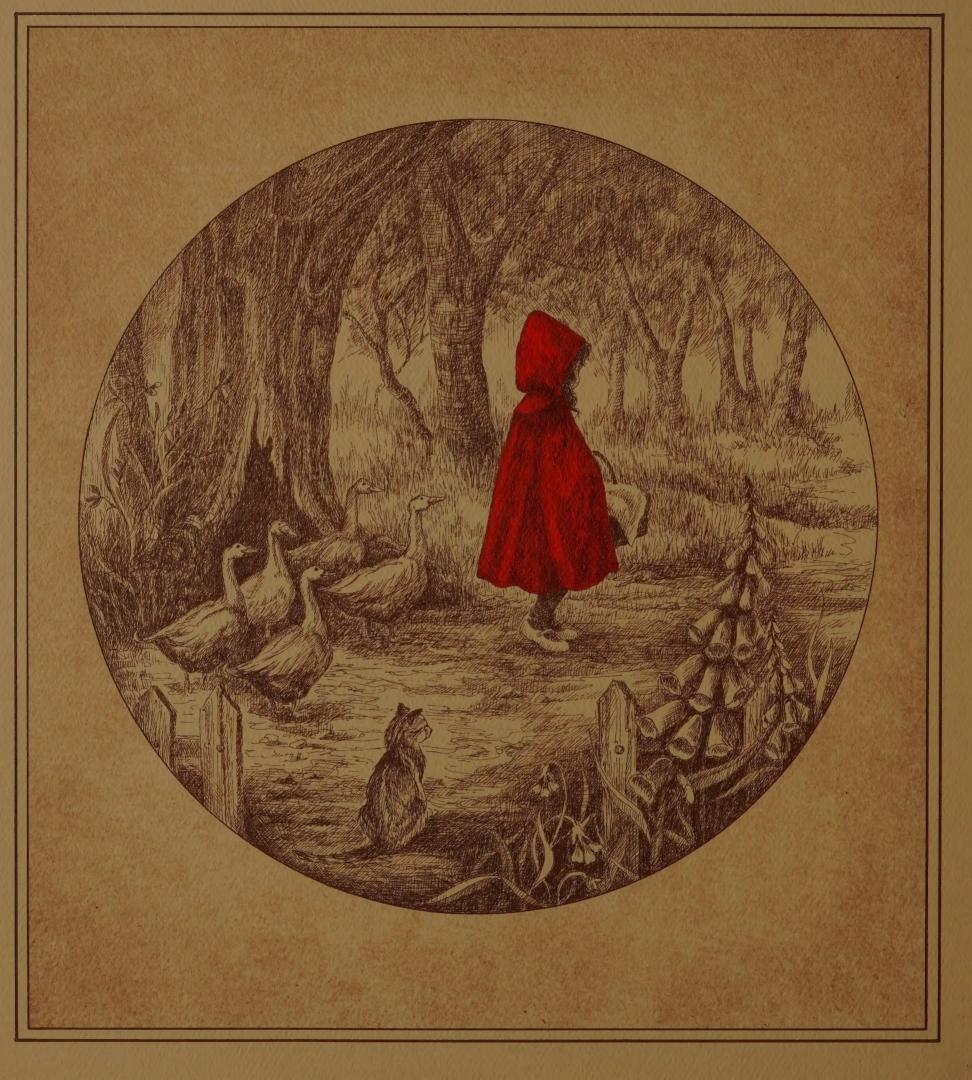
Retold By
LEE RICHARDSON

nce there was a little girl who lived with her mother in a house on the edge of a dense forest.

One morning her mother filled a basket with some fresh apple tarts, a tin of peppermint tea and six brown eggs.

"Take this food to Grandmother," she told the little girl.
"Grandmother is very sick.
These good things to eat will help her to get well."





within the forest.
The little girl's mother said,
"Take the path through the forest.
T'is the quickest way.
Be sure to stay on the path,
or you might get lost.
Remember," she said, shaking her
finger, "go straight there.
Do not stop along the way."

The little girl hugged her mother and said, "I promise."

She put on her favorite red cloak and hood that Grandmother had made for her.

Then she picked up the basket and walked down the path that led through the forest to Grandmother's cottage.

he little girl soon forgot her promise when she saw an owl sitting in a tree. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Everyone calls me Red Riding Hood," she said.

"Be on your way, Little Red Riding Hood," said the owl.

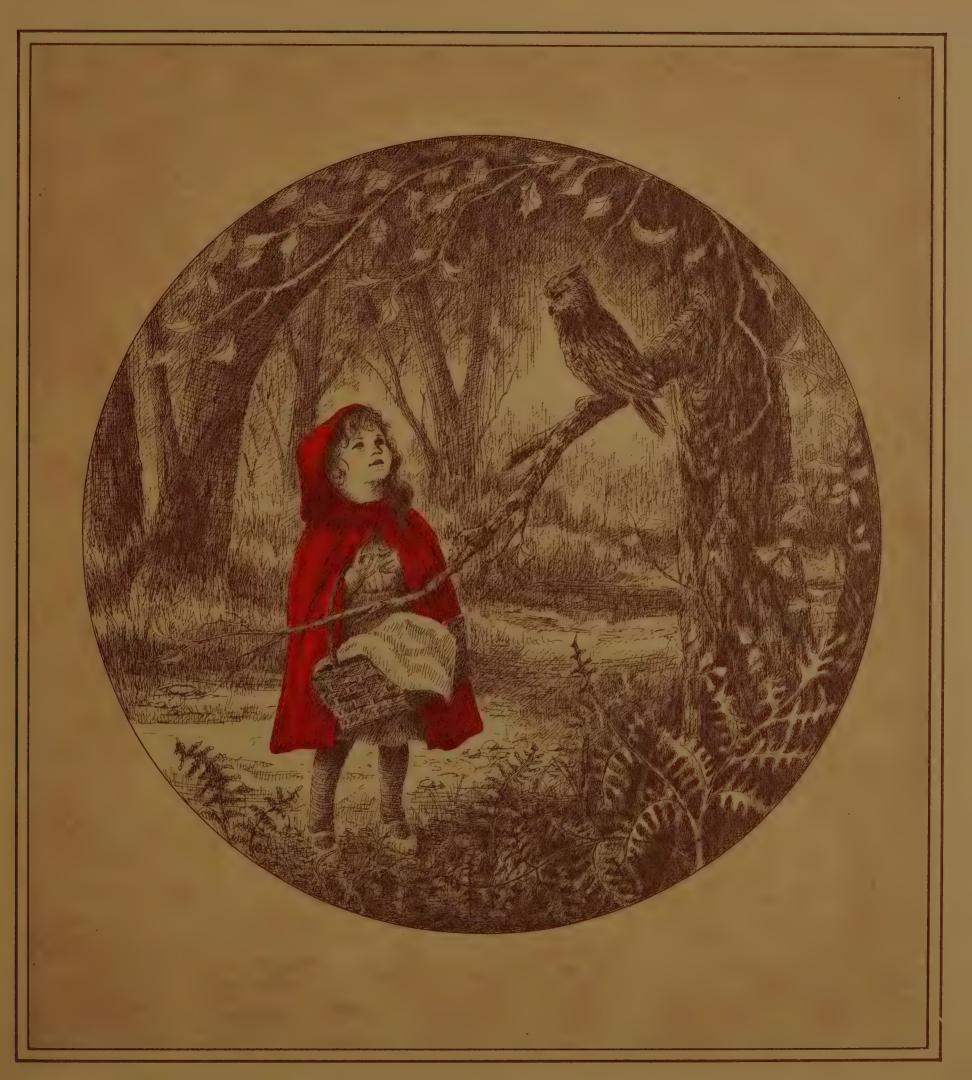
"A big mean wolf lives in this forest.

He has not eaten in three days and is very hungry.

He could swallow a little girl like you in one mouthful!"

Red Riding Hood shivered as she thought of the wolf.

She pulled her cloak tighter around her and hurried down the path.





It was not long before she stopped again to pick some pretty daisies.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding
Hood," he said.
"Where are you going on this fine day?"

"To my grandmother's," she said. He seemed so friendly that she was not afraid of him.

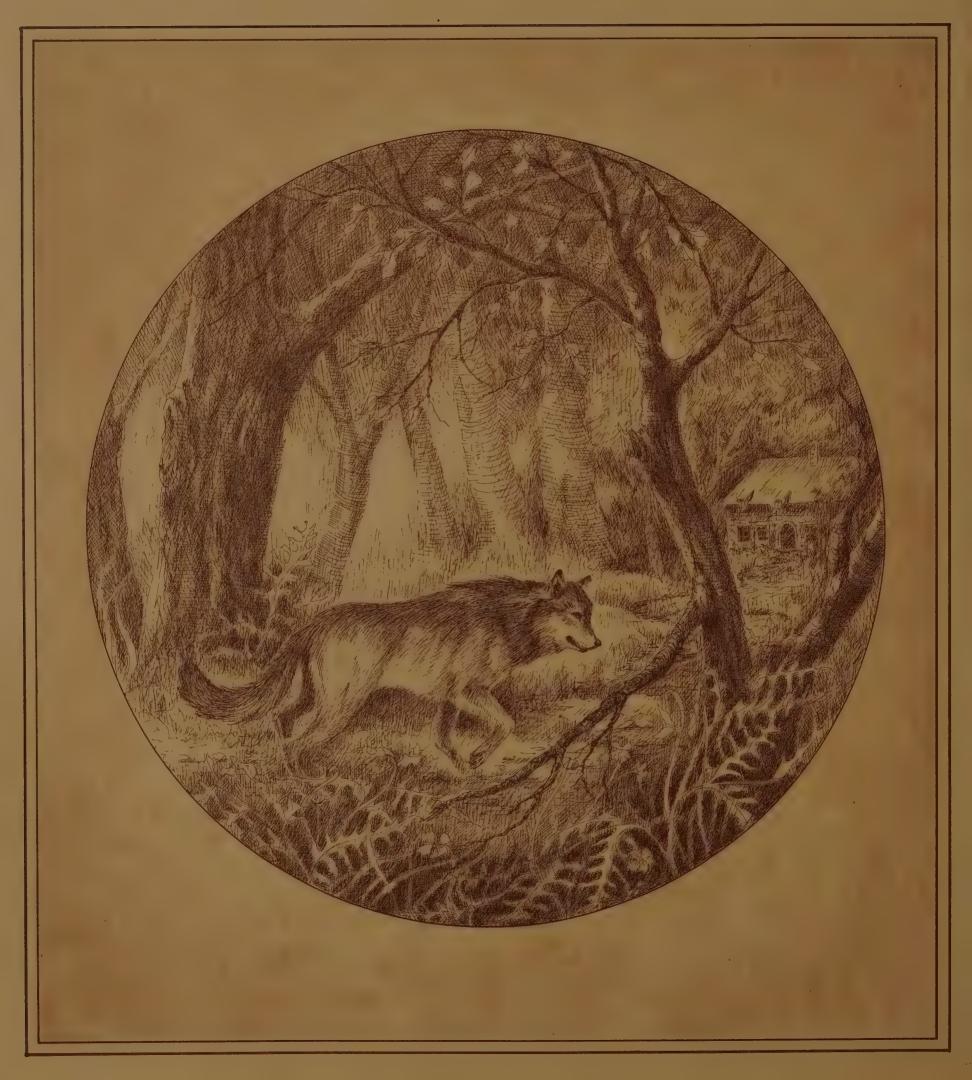
"Where does your grandmother live?"

"In the stone cottage at the end of the path," said Red Riding Hood.

"Why not take some wild berries to her?" said the sly wolf. "There are some big, red, juicy ones growing just beyond the tall fir tree."

"Thank you, Wolf," she said. "I will. Grandmother likes to eat berries for her breakfast."





hile Red Riding Hood went to look for the berry patch, the wolf ran ahead to Grandmother's cottage.

"How clever I have been," thought the wolf.

"Now I shall eat both of them for my supper!"

He remembered how tender and plump Red Riding Hood had looked. "I shall eat her first!" grinned

"I shall eat her first!" grinned the wolf.

His mouth began to water at the thought of eating such a delicious meal.



hen the wolf arrived at the cottage he knocked on the door.

"Who is there?" called Grandmother from her bed.

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf in a tiny voice.

"Lift the latch and walk in, my dear," said Grandmother.

The wolf lifted the latch and the door swung open.

He ran to the bed and grabbed up the little old lady.

He quickly pushed her into the closet and locked the door.

The wolf wrapped Grandmother's shawl around his shoulders and over his head.

He placed her glasses gently on his nose.

Then he leaped into her bed, pulled the quilt under his chin and waited for Red Riding Hood to come.

ed Riding Hood picked some wild berries and tucked them in around the edge of the basket.

Then she suddenly remembered the promise she had made to her mother and ran straight away to Grandmother's cottage.

"How strange," she thought.

"The door is open!"

She peeked around the door and called, "Grandmother, I have brought some special treats for you."

Grandmother did not answer.

"Where can she be?" thought Red
Riding Hood.

"Maybe she is sleeping."

She tiptoed to Grandmother's bed.





Good morning, Grandmother," said Red Riding Hood.
"Are you feeling better?"

The wolf nodded his head, and the shawl fell away from his face.
"Come closer, my dear," he said.

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big hands you have!"

"All the better to hold you with, my dear."

"If you are my grandmother why are your teeth so long and sharp?"

Il the better to eat you with, my dear!" snarled the hungry wolf.
With that he leaped out of the bed and grabbed Little Red Riding Hood!

At first she was so frightened that she could not move.

Then she kicked him as hard as she could and he let go of her.

She ran to the window.

"Help! Help!" she called.

"Someone please help me!"

The wolf smiled and showed his long sharp teeth.

"No one can help you now," he chuckled. Then he grabbed her again!

"Little Red Riding Hood," he said.

"You are to be my supper!"

Nearby in the forest a hunter was chasing a gray fox.

He heard Red Riding Hood's cries for help.

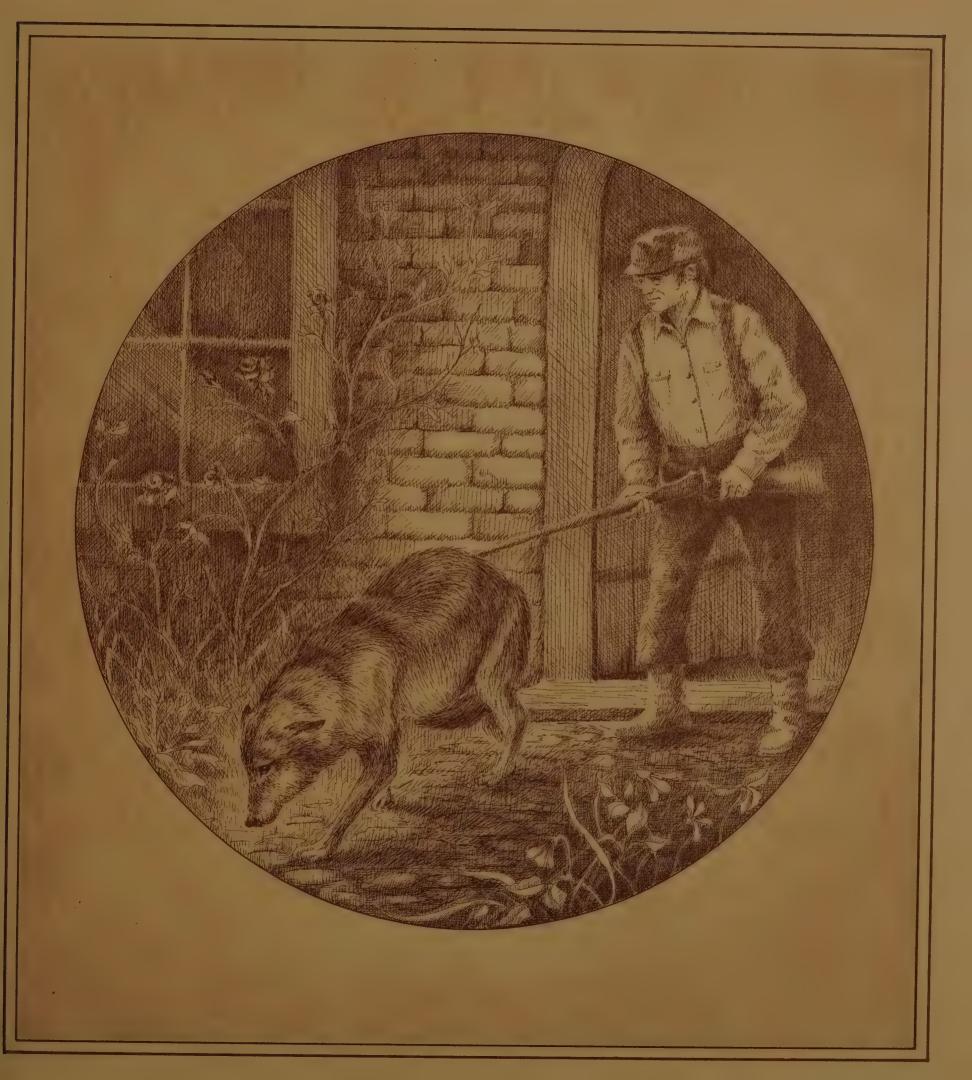
He ran to the little stone cottage.



ou old sinner!" shouted the hunter when he saw the wolf. "This is the end of you!" As he raised his gun to shoot, the wolf slipped out the door. Before the hunter could get off a shot, the wolf disappeared into the forest and was never seen again.

"Let me out! Let me out!"
Red Riding Hood hurried to the closet.
She unlocked the door and let
Grandmother out.
They thanked the hunter for saving them
from the hungry wolf and invited him to
stay for tea.

"I want to find the gray fox before the sun goes down," he said.
"So I must hurry."
He turned and walked back into the forest.



randmother took two cups out of the cupboard and set them on the table. She reached into the basket for some apple tarts.

She poured Red Riding Hood a nice hot cup of peppermint tea and one for herself.

Soon Grandmother's cheeks were rosy and her eyes began to twinkle. "My goodness," she said. "I am feeling better already."

Suddenly, the clock struck three.

"Bong! Bong! Bong!"

"Oh dear," said Red Riding Hood, "it is time for me to leave."

She kissed her grandmother and said,
"I will come again tomorrow.

Do not worry, Grandmother.

Next time I will keep my promise.

I will never stop along the way again."

Then she picked up the empty basket,
waved goodbye and walked straight down
the path to her home.



THE END







Shirley Holt

is known for her fanciful paintings, drawings and etchings. Her original work is widely represented in both public and private collections and she has shown extensively in solo and group exhibits.

Holt's portrayal of childhood innocence and the beauty she sees in nature and relationships finds perfect expression with her pen and ink illustrations.

Shirley and her husband Jack are the parents of four children and make their home on the Monterey Peninsula in Pacific Grove, California.

Lee Richardson

The author, Lee Richardson, became serious about writing in 1980. Sophie's Surprise, released as a Christmas edition followed soon after and she has been working at writing for children ever since.

Lee and her husband George make their home in Salinas, California. With four children and seven grandchildren, home and family is at the heart of Lee's busy life.

